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THE

Poets Address

To His Most Sacred

MAJESTY.

Though Scribling Factions are so Saucy grown,
To dart *Curst Libels* at Your Sacred Throne:
To strive to *Præ-depose* Your Royall Heirs,
And seek Your Life who frankly gave them theirs.
Yet Mighty SIR, the Poets are your own,
Their Lives and Pens, (for Fortunes they have none)
Reason and Wit are faithful to their Prince,
Nay, he that Writes against You can't write Sense:
The Sacred *Nine* Elected you supreme,
And swore Allegiance to Your Diadem;
And all the jobbers of the Rhiming Crew
Are Rebels ev'n to them, when so to You.

Th' Old *Loyal Blood* when Your kind Beams withdrew,
Unmurmuring slept till they return'd anew:
Then (like the Lust of Plants) its Atoms throng
To deck th' Old Branches, and to shoot forth Young.
Westminster was an *Autumn* to our Lays,
But th' *Oxford* nipping Spring had kill'd our Bays,
Had not Your *Mercy* and *Dissolving Skill*
Stopt both their doing, and our suffering Ill:
Had we th' *Hesperian* Fruit, You should not pull
Wee'd freely drop You a whole *Chequer* full,
(But Equal Heaven has giv'n it to the dull)
Wit by *Chamelian* Nourishment conceives,
And was decreed only to put forth leaves.

A



Hail

Bought J. P. Johnston, Esq.
26th April 1928

Hail Sacred SIR, although we have no *Banks*,
 Yet we can pay (what none can give you) Thanks;
 Thanks for the *Numerous Blessings* which you shed
 Like the imperial Sun, on every head;
 Thanks for the *Factions*, Deludge You put by,
 And Thanks for the *Humble stop*, to tell us *Why*:
 But Thanks above all thinking for Your Care
 To stop that TAP, that would have drown'd Your Heir.

Illustrious JAMES thou could'st not bear such things,
 We't thou not Son and Brother to such Kings:
 How could we think from *Justice* thou should'st fly
 A *Land*, which does it to their King deny.

The *Sheriffs* of late such *Naturalists* are grown,
 They'll turn no streams back to the *Fountain* thrown:
 And these *Grand Jems* that *Ignoramus*, bring
 For *Barabbas* wou'd Crucifie their King.

The *Polish Prince* is Charm'd, he scorns weak Buff,
 Consciences of *Impenetrable Stuff* }
 Arms the small *Patriot*, Plot and *Witness* proof;
 'Tis such a *Knot* as wants the *Gordian Knife*, }
 For some Conspire his *Death*, and some his *Life*:
 And *Nineteen Unbelievers* Damirro Save
 That *Head* that ne're was destin'd to a *Grave*.

Once more hail Sacred MONARCH, may kind Stars
 Prosper your *Peace*, and Guard you in Your *Wars*;
 Let God Arise (who Your *Avenger* is)
 And scatter both Your *Enemies* and His.
 May Heaven Attend Your *Councils*, and Dispose
 Success to all that's Yours, except Your *Foes*:
 Long may You *Rule* this *Island* with Your *Nod*, }
 And let the *Stubborn* feel Your *Angry Rod*: }
 Exceed Your *Father*, and belike Your *God*.

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